

Title: Yew War-Fourth Batte

Author: by Grishnak

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Grishnak leaned over  
the side of the ship  
The Broken Fang, and  
emptied the contents  
of his stomach into  
the sea for the fourth  
time.

"Har Har!" laughed  
Sugrod, behind him.  
"We nub eben get uut  
ob da bay yet"

Glaring, Grishnak  
turned back and  
heaved over the side  
again.

Far ahead, the  
assembled fleets of  
the Urban Navy, the  
Town of Yew, and  
Clan Moor waited. Vic  
Twenty, the Fleet  
Admiral, surveyed  
his fleet and  
pondered. His  
intelligence told him  
that 12 ships,  
carrying almost 50  
Orcs was heading his  
way. Grimly he went  
about counting the  
number of arrows and  
greater explosions  
each ship possessed.

The Orc fleet made  
the turn out of the bay  
and into the Ocean  
proper. That's where  
things took a turn for  
the worst.

Signalling to the fleet  
to come about, the Orcs  
on the following ships  
looked at each other.

"Wot dat means?"

"Err, means gwu rite!"

"Nub! Means gwu  
left!"

"Tupid! It means thwo  
da booom booms," and  
that miscreant  
triggered several on  
his own ship,  
obliterating the vessel.

As the Orc fleet got  
more and more  
bedraggled, a dark  
storm appeared on the  
horizon. Vic Twenty  
eyed the approaching  
storm with  
trepidation. Orcs he  
could handle, he  
hoped. Storms he could  
weather, usually.

Orcs and a storm?

That might be hard.

As the dark clouds  
blotted out the sun, the  
ships from the Orc  
fleet sailed into the  
waters surrounding  
the Yew Prison, Orcs  
intent upon freeing  
William Smit and  
installing him as  
Chieftain of Yew. The  
first clashes between  
Orc and Yewbie were  
undecided, ships  
becoming lost in the  
waves. Soon the  
pelting rain was such  
that ships floundered,  
men and Orc thrown  
overboard, ships  
beaching themselves on  
any land and  
disgorging sea sick  
Orcs and Men.

Some ships actually  
came to grapple range  
and fierce, but short,

battles raged across  
the decks. These  
battles had no weight  
against the storm  
however. Try as they  
might, the Orcs could  
not press home their  
attack while the storm  
scattered them across  
the ocean.

Yew would stand  
another day.